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White Harvest Fields

A MISSIONARY CAROL SERVICE

Come, labor on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say
"Go, work to-day"?

BY M. C. HAZARD

MUSICAL EDITOR · JOHN W. TUFTS

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL
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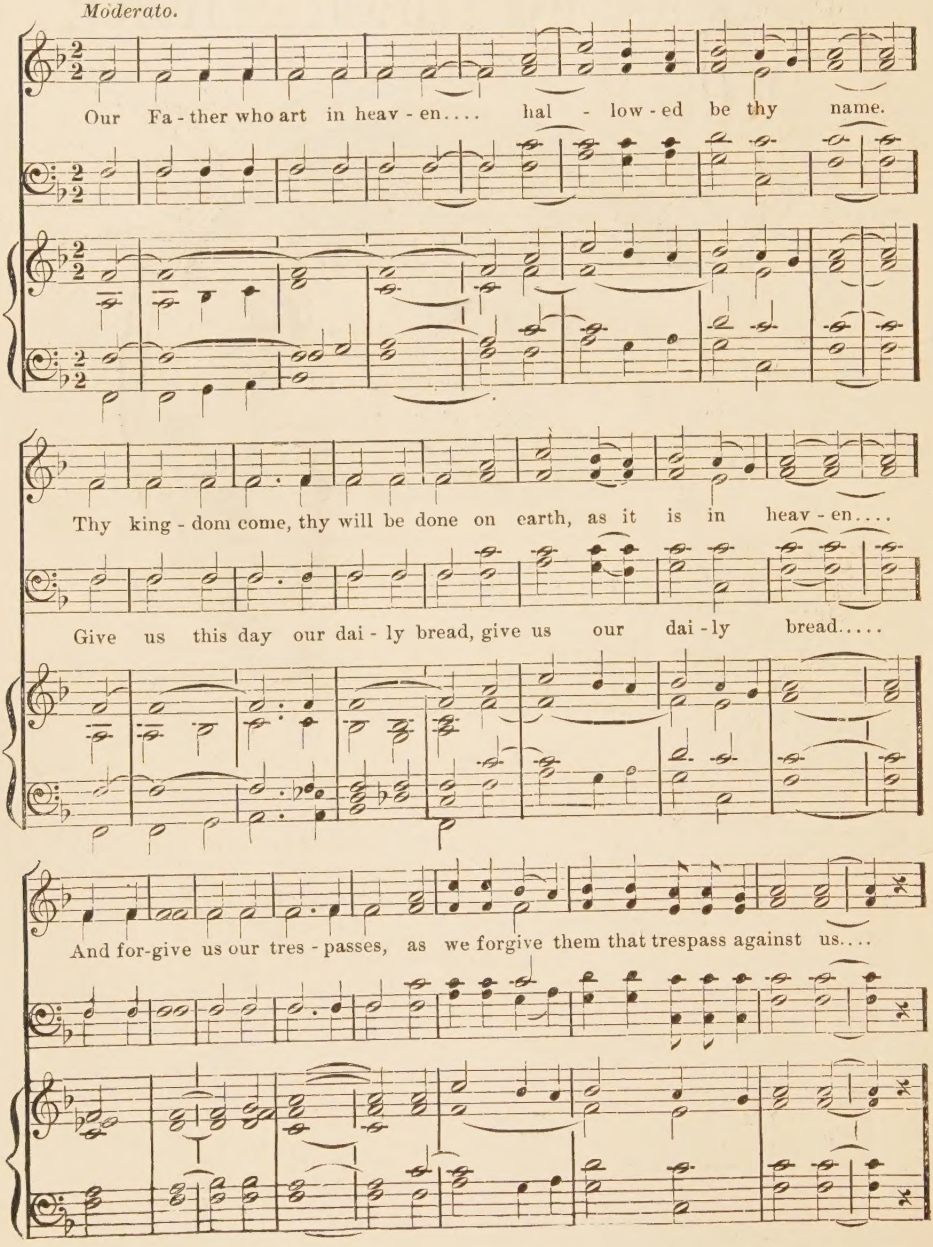
WHITE HARVEST FIELDS.

Chant.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Moderato.


Our Fa - ther who art in heav - en.... hal - low - ed be thy name.
Thy king - dom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav - en....
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, give us our dai - ly bread.....
And for-give us our tres - passes, as we forgive them that trespass against us....

And lead us not in - to temp-ta - tion,.. but de - liv - er us from e - vil....
For thine is the king - dom and the pow - er,.... and the
glo - ry for - ev - er and ev - er.... A - MEN.

Make a slight pause after each sentence.

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Reading of Scripture (Ps. 67: 1–7).

Prayer by the Pastor.

Harvest Hymn. O LORD OF ALL DIVINE.

VOICES IN UNISON.
1. O Lord of all, di - vine, Who dost the world com-mand, The
2. The sea - sons come and go, Di - rect - ed all by Thee, The
3. The ear - ly seed we sow, And on Thy pro - mise wait; As -
4. And now the Au - tumn-tide Re - turns to us a - gain, And
5. We thank Thee for the love That fills our life with joy, Oh,
8va.
u - ni - verse is Thine, And by Thy power doth stand.
sun with heat doth glow, The rain fall si - lent - ly.
sured our trust shall grow To fruit - age, soon or late.
har - vests far and wide En - rich the fer - tile plain.
may its mo - ments prove Well spent in Thine em - ploy.
CHORUS.
1. 2. 3. 4. Hear us, while Thy praise we sing, And our grate - ful tri - bute bring!
5. While we thus Thy prais - es sing, And our grate - ful tri - bute bring!

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W. W. CALDWELL.

I. THE SEED.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth.

Cong. — **And should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how.**

The earth beareth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come.

And he said, How shall we liken the kingdom of God? or in what parable shall we set it forth?

It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown upon the earth, though it be less than all the seeds that are upon the earth, yet when it is sown, groweth up, and becometh greater than all the herbs, and putteth out great branches; so that the birds of heaven can lodge under the shadow thereof.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Thy faithfulness is unto all generations.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life.

Having been begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the word of God, which liveth and abideth.

Whosoever is begotten of God doeth no sin, because his seed abideth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is begotten of God.

Of his own will he brought us forth by the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

Truth springeth out of the earth; and righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

Musical Response. — The latter portion of the chant, "For thine is the kingdom," p. 3, may be used as a musical response after each Responsive Reading.

Recitations.

I. — THOU MIGHTY WORD.

II. — NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

III. — SCATTER THE SEED.

II. THE SOWING.

Song. WHAT SEED?

1. Are we sow - ing seeds of good-ness? They shall blos-som bright ere long.
2 We can nev - er be too care-ful What the seed our hands shall sow;
Are we sow - ing seeds of dis - cord? They shall rip - en in - to wrong.
Love from love is sure to rip - en, Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or? They shall bring forth gold - en grain.
Seeds of good or ill we scat - ter Heed - less - ly a - long our way;
Are we sow - ing seeds of false-hood? We shall yet reap bit - ter pain.
But a glad or griev - ous fruit - age Waits us at the har - vest day.
What - so - e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing, we its fruit must see.
What - so - e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing, we its fruit must see.

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ANON.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — And when a great multitude came together, and they of every city resorted unto him, he spake by a parable: The sower went forth to sow his seed.

Cong. — **Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God. And as he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the birds came and devoured them.**

When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away that which hath been sown in his heart. This is he that was sown by the way side.

And others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth: and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was risen they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And he that was sown upon the rocky places, this is he that heareth the word, and straightway with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while; and when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway he stumbleth.

And others fell upon the thorns; and the thorns grew up, and choked them.

And he that was sown among the thorns, this is he that heareth the word; and the care of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

And others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

And he that was sown upon the good ground, this is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; who verily beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap according to mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed; he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

Recitations.

I. — THE WORLD-FIELD.

II. — HILL BY HILL.

III. — WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Song. SOW IN THE MORN THY SEED.

1. Sow in..... the morn thy seed,..... At
2. Thou know'st not which may thrive,..... The
3. And du - - ly shall ap - pear,..... In
4. Thou canst... not toil in vain;..... Cold,
5. Thence, when.. the glo - rious end,..... The
eve hold not thy hand;.... To doubt and fear give
late or ear - ly sown;.... Grace keeps the pre - cious
ver - dure, beau - ty, strength, The ten - der blade, the
heat, and moist and dry,..... Shall fos - ter and ma -
day of God is come,.... The an - gel - reap - ers
thou no heed; Broad - cast it o'er the land.....
germs a - live, When and wher - ev - er strown....
stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length....
ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.....
shall de - scend, And heaven cry, "Har - vest Home.".

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JAMES MONTGOMERY.

III. THE HARVEST.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — In days to come shall Jacob take root; Israel shall blossom and bud: and they shall fill the face of the world with fruit.

Cong. — **The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.**

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of our Lord, the excellency of our God.

There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

Song. HE THAT GOETH FORTH WITH WEEPING.

SOLO.
PARTS.
1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the
3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no
4. Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright - ening! See the
SOLO.
pre - cious seed in love; Nev - er tir - ing,
rays ce - les - tial shine; Pre - cious fruits will
fears thy soul an - noy; Be the pros - pect
ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look a - gain! the
PARTS.
nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a -
thus be giv - en Through an in - fluence all di -
ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of
fields are whit - ening, For the har - vest time is
bove. Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
vine Through an in - fluence all di - vine.
joy. Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
near. For the har - vest time is near.

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Responsive Reading (Continued).

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest.

For the Lord hath comforteth Zion: he hath comforted all her waste places, and hath made her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law.

Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God.

And they shall not teach every man his fellow citizen, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least unto the greatest of them.

For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

All. — **Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.**

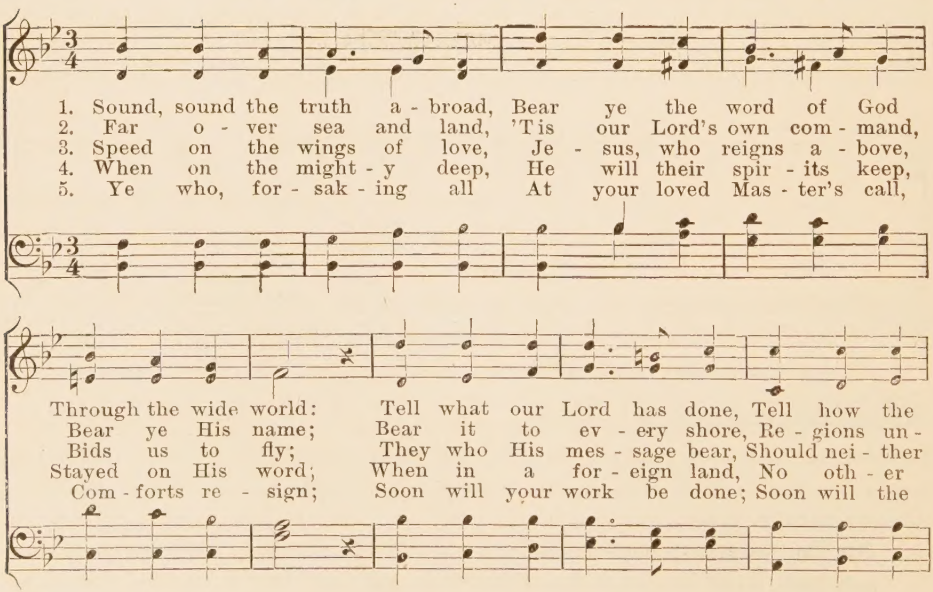
Recitations.

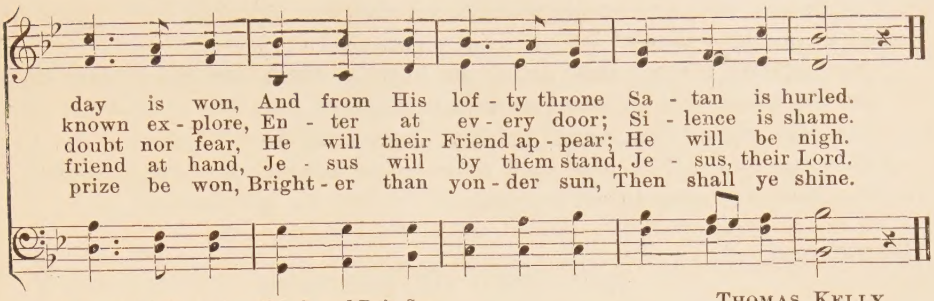
I. — MY SHEAVES.

II. — THE ANCIENT WORD.

III. — COME, LABOR ON.

Song. SOUND, SOUND THE TRUTH ABROAD.


1. Sound, sound the truth a - broad, Bear ye the word of God
2. Far o - ver sea and land, 'Tis our Lord's own com - mand,
3. Speed on the wings of love, Je - sus, who reigns a - bove,
4. When on the might - y deep, He will their spir - its keep,
5. Ye who, for - sak - ing all At your loved Mas - ter's call,
Through the wide world: Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the
Bear ye His name; Bear it to ev - ery shore, Re - gions un -
Bids us to fly; They who His mes - sage bear, Should nei - ther
Stayed on His word; When in a for - eign land, No oth - er
Com - forts re - sign; Soon will your work be done; Soon will the


day is won, And from His lof - ty throne Sa - tan is hurled.
known ex - plore, En - ter at ev - ery door; Si - lence is shame.
doubt nor fear, He will their Friend ap - pear; He will be nigh.
friend at hand, Je - sus will by them stand, Je - sus, their Lord.
prize be won, Bright - er than yon - der sun, Then shall ye shine.

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THOMAS KELLY.

IV. THE REAPERS.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — When He saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

Cong. — **Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth labourers into his harvest.**

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

And I will send . . . them unto the nations, to Tarshish, Pul and Lud, that draw the bow, to Tubal and Javan, to the isles afar off, that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory; and they shall declare my glory among the nations.

God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, . . . and having committed unto us the word of reconciliation.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take of the water of life freely.

For, Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? . . . and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent? even as it is written,

How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things.

He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

For herein is the saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: but each shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are God's fellow-workers.

My brethren, if any among you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.

All. — And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

Recitations.

I. — THE NEED OF REAPERS.

II. — THE MASTER'S CALL.

III. — BRAVE REAPERS.

Song. FAIR WAVED THE GOLDEN CORN.

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In
2. To God, so good and great, Their
3. Like them, O Lord, we give Our
4. Thine is our youth - ful prime, Our
5. In wis - dom let us grow, As
Ca - naan's pleas - ant land, When, full of
cheer - ful thanks they pour; Then car - ry
ear - liest fruits to Thee, And pray, that
life and all its powers; Be with us
years and strength are given, That we may

joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the reap - er -
to His tem - ple gate The choic - est of their
long as we shall live, We may Thy chil - dren
in our morn - ing time, And bless our eve - ning
serve Thy church be - low, And join Thy saints in
band..... Went forth the reap - er - band.
store..... The choic - est of their store.
be..... We may Thy chil - dren be.
hours..... And bless our eve - ning hours.
heaven..... And join Thy saints in heaven.

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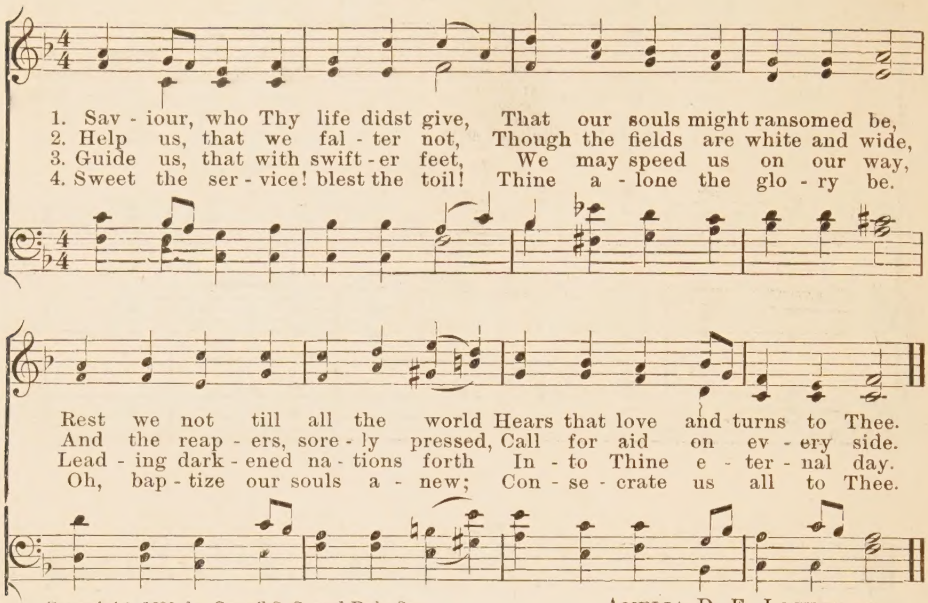
J. H. GURNEY.

Missionary Address, or other Missionary Exercise.

Musical Response.—Repeat the Musical Response from the chant, "For thine is the kingdom," on p. 3, as before directed.

Song. NEEDED SERVICE.


1. Sav - iour, who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ransomed be,
2. Help us, that we fal - ter not, Though the fields are white and wide,
3. Guide us, that with swift - er feet, We may speed us on our way,
4. Sweet the ser - vice! blest the toil! Thine a - lone the glo - ry be.
Rest we not till all the world Hears that love and turns to Thee.
And the reap - ers, sore - ly pressed, Call for aid on ev - ery side.
Lead - ing dark - ened na - tions forth In - to Thine e - ter - nal day.
Oh, bap - tize our souls a - new; Con - se - crate us all to Thee.

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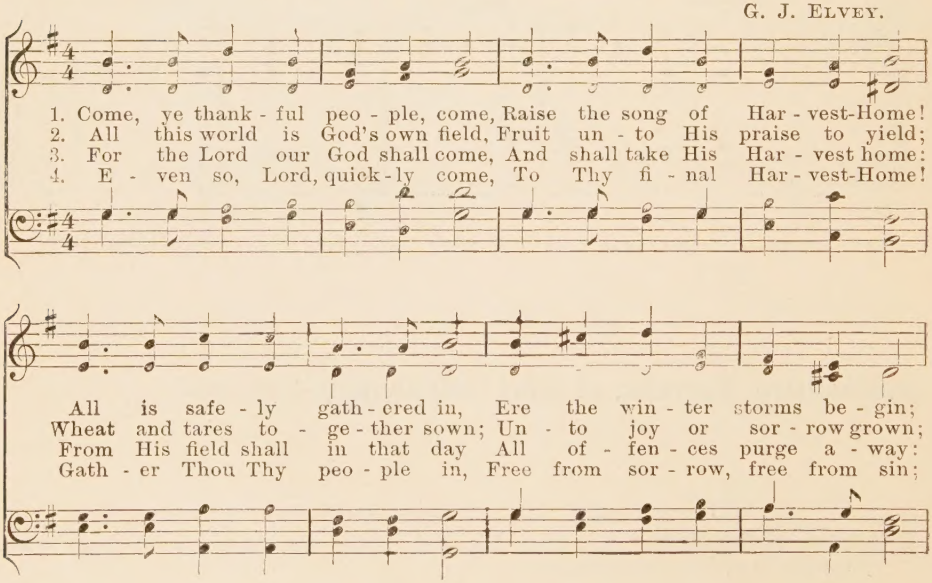
Missionary Offering.

Song. COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

G. J. ELVEY.


1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-Home!
2. All this world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His Har - vest home:
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, To Thy fi - nal Har - vest-Home!
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - ge - ther sown; Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way:
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

RECITATIONS FOR THE MISSIONARY CAROL SERVICE,

White Harvest Fields.

While these recitations are furnished to those who may want them, it is suggested that the superintendent or the pastor write to and obtain from one of the missionary societies, or from several of them, according as it is desired to present the cause of one or more, such recent facts and incidents as will be likely to arouse missionary interest and result in more liberal gifts for missionary work. If several societies are to be represented, the work of one of them may be presented after each Responsive Reading, instead of the recitations. If only one, probably the place assigned on the program to the Address on Missionary Work will be sufficient.

SUGGESTIONS.

The suggestions given in previous Services are repeated here: —

1. AS TO MUSIC. — That should be sung often — can not be practiced too much. Secure the best drill-master available, and then give him full opportunity by beginning early. The songs should be sung until they go of themselves and all the shadings are rendered without effort. Do not reject any piece because it does not go off satisfactorily at the first trial. It often happens that those which at first are hard to master are the most telling in the end.

2. AS TO RECITATIONS. — It is also quite important that they should be made thoroughly familiar. No prompting should be necessary when the Service is given. Appoint some one to hear and drill those to whom the recitations are assigned. Especially caution him to see that the pieces are spoken in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the house. The recitations for this Service should not be given to the very young children. Enlist some of the young people and a few even of the older ones, if possible.

3. AS TO DECORATIONS. — They should be committed to a good working committee who will give to their task some time and bring to it some taste. Anything that fits in with the idea of harvest will be appropriate, especially sheaves of wheat. If the wall will allow, back of the pulpit may be placed the words: —

LOOK ON THE FIELDS

THAT THEY ARE

WHITE ALREADY UNTO HARVEST

Part I.

1. THOU MIGHTY WORD.

SPREAD, oh, spread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of our Lord,
Wheresoe'er his breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How he sent his Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

Up, the ripening fields ye see;
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of the harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee;
Let the nations far and near
See thy light and learn thy fear.

— Bahnmaier, tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

2. NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

Now the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest-home, and grateful song.

Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

— Frances J. Havergal.

3. SCATTER THE SEED.

Onward, ye men of prayer!
Scatter in rich exuberance the seed,
Whose fruit is living bread, and all your need
Will God supply; his harvest ye shall share.

To him, child of the bow,
The wanderer of his native Oregon,
Tell of that Jesus, who in dying won
The peace-branch of the skies, salvation, for his foe!

Seek ye the far-off isle,
The sullied jewel of the deep,
O'er whose remembered beauty angels weep;
Restore its luster, and to God give spoil.

Go, break the chain of caste;
Go quench the funeral pyre and bid no more
The Indian river roll its waves of gore;
Look up, thou East, thy night is overpast.

To heal the bruisèd, speed!
Oh, pour on Africa the balm
Of Gilead, and, her agony to calm,
Whisper of fetters broken and the spirit freed.

And thou, O Church, betake
Thyself to watching; labor, help these men.
God shall visit thee of a surety, when
Thou art faithful. Church that Jesus bought awake! awake!

— William Bingham Tappan.

Part II.

1. THE WORLD-FIELD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale alike 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest-home!"

— James Montgomery.

2. HILL BY HILL.

In His furrowed field around us,
God has work for those who will;
Those who may not scatter broadcast,
Yet may plant it hill by hill.

Yearning hearts are often near us,
Conscious of their Spirit-need:
These are "hills" prepared by heaven
To receive the precious seed.

Shall we find these hills and plant them?
Shall we scatter while we may,
Or with idle hands stand waiting
Till the seed-time pass away?

Soon life's springtime will be over,
And its autumn days will come:
Happy then will be those workmen
Who have sheaves to carry home.

— A. T. Allis.

3. WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

THEY are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair;
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,—
Of the gentle word and the kindly deed,
That hath blest the poor in their sorest need;
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of dire remorse and a saddened brain;
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;—
Sad will the harvest be.

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad world-field, or the shadowy path,—
Sure will the harvest be.

—*Anon.*

Part III.

1. MY SHEAVES.

THE time for toil has past, and night has come,—
The last, and saddest, of the harvest eves.
Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless! Yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late;
Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves:
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility;
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—"*Florence Percy*

2. THE ANCIENT WORD.

OH, still in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word:—
"More reapers for white harvest fields!
More laborers for the Lord!"

We hear the call. Dreaming no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath the sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.

Oh, thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come,
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

3. COME, LABOR ON.

COME, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day"?

Come, labor on!
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

Come, labor on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
And the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
While a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure.
Blessed are they who to the end endure;
How full their joy! how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!

—*Anon.*

Part IV.

1. THE NEED OF REAPERS.

THE Master hath need of reapers,
And, mourner, he calleth to thee:
Come out of the valley of sorrow,
Look up to the hilltops, and see
How the fields of the harvest are whitening,
How golden and full is the grain.
Oh, what are thy wants to the summons,
And what are thy griefs and thy pains?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, he calleth to thee;
Come out of the mansions of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may be.
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,
With the mists and the dews and the rain.
Oh, what are thy rests and thy follies
To the world and the rusts of the grain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, he calleth to thee;
Oh, what are the dreams of ambition
To the joys that hereafter shall be?
There are tokens of storms that are coming
And summer is fast on the wane;
Then, alas, for the hopes of the harvest!
Then, alas, for the beautiful grain!

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And he calleth to thee and to me;
Oh, haste while the winds of the morning
Are blowing so freshly and free!
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Reëcho o'er hilltop and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

— Mrs. Archbishop Thomson.

2. THE MASTER'S CALL.

LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving one reacheth,
Its cheerfullest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vine-dressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Seek those of evil behavior,
Bid them their lives quick amend;
Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Stilled be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by the pity of thine.
By waysides, where wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness while here;
That glory is ever the highest
Which counts not its own life as dear.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then lighten thy labor with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and weary no more.

— Wm. Morley Punshon.

3. BRAVE REAPERS.

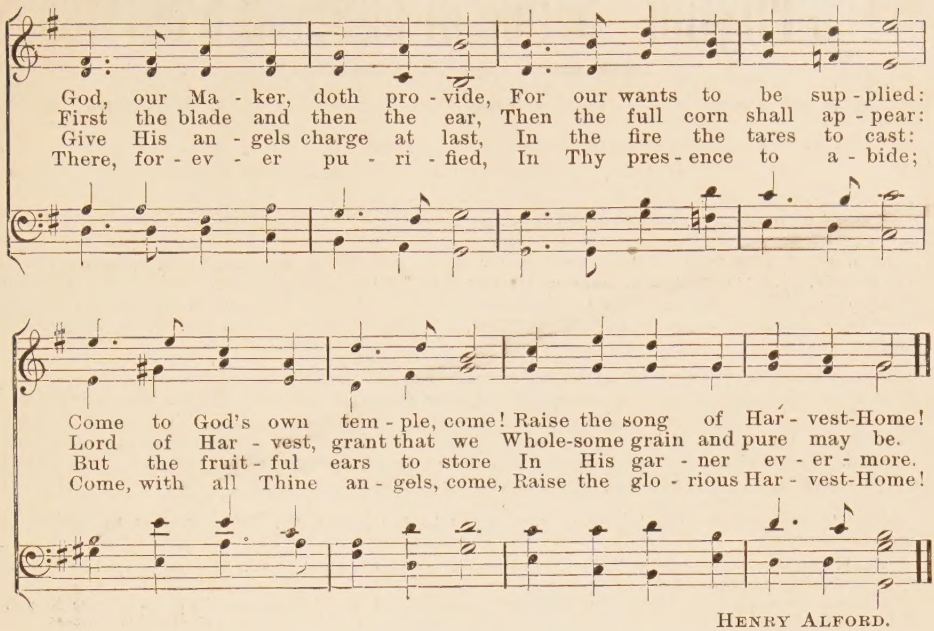
COME forth, come forth, brave reapers,
And bear your sheaves with you!
We come to thank our Master,
That Master good and true.
We toil, we plant, we water,
Our labors never cease,
But God alone is Master,
Who giveth the increase.

We sow in tears and labor,
We reap in joy and strength;
We tread our pathway weeping,
Good sheaves we bear at length.
Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The harvest is of heaven,
The labor was of earth.

The Lord of life saith to us,
"Come, gather in your wheat!
But when you keep your harvest,
One thing do not forget:
There comes another harvest
For which no mortal delves;
There I am the Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves."

O joy! O life forever!
O life of days to come!
O day which knows no ending!
O endless harvest-home!
A harvest-home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy!
A blest abode! A feast of God!
A paradise of joy!

— Gerard Moultrie.


God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide, For our wants to be sup - plied:
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Give His an - gels charge at last, In the fire the tares to cast:
There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide;
Come to God's own tem - ple, come! Raise the song of Har - vest-Home!
Lord of Har - vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious Har - vest-Home!

HENRY ALFORD.

Benediction.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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"LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS THAT THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY UNTO THE HARVEST."

Come, labor on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say
"Go, work to-day"?

BY M. C. HAZARD

MUSICAL EDITOR JOHN W. TUFTS

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY
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WHITE HARVEST FIELDS.

Chant. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Moderato.

Our Fa - ther who art in heav - en.... hal - low - ed be thy name.
Thy king - dom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav - en....
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, give us our dai - ly bread.....
And for-give us our tres - passes, as we forgive them that trespass against us....

And lead us not in - to temp-ta - tion,.. but de - liv - er us from e - vil....
For thine is the king - dom and the pow - er,.... and the
glo - ry for - ev - er and ev - er.... A - MEN.

Make a slight pause after each sentence.

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Reading of Scripture (Ps. 67: 1–7).

Prayer by the Pastor.

Harvest Hymn. O LORD OF ALL DIVINE.

VOICES IN UNISON.
1. O Lord of all, di - vine, Who dost the world com-mand, The
2. The sea - sons come and go, Di - rect - ed all by Thee, The
3. The ear - ly seed we sow, And on Thy pro - mise wait; As -
4. And now the Au - tumn-tide Re - turns to us a - gain, And
5. We thank Thee for the love That fills our life with joy, Oh,
8va.
u - ni - verse is Thine, And by Thy power doth stand.
sun with heat doth glow, The rain fall si - lent - ly.
sured our trust shall grow To fruit - age, soon or late.
har - vests far and wide En - rich the fer - tile plain.
may its mo - ments prove Well spent in Thine em - ploy.
CHORUS.
1, 2, 3, 4.
Hear us, while Thy praise we sing, And our grate - ful tri - bute bring!
5. While we thus Thy prais - es sing, And our grate - ful tri - bute bring!

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W. W. CALDWELL.

I. THE SEED.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth.

Cong. — **And should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how.**

The earth beareth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come.

And he said, How shall we liken the kingdom of God? or in what parable shall we set it forth?

It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown upon the earth, though it be less than all the seeds that are upon the earth, yet when it is sown, groweth up, and becometh greater than all the herbs, and putteth out great branches; so that the birds of heaven can lodge under the shadow thereof.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Thy faithfulness is unto all generations.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life.

Having been begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the word of God, which liveth and abideth.

Whosoever is begotten of God doeth no sin, because his seed abideth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is begotten of God.

Of his own will he brought us forth by the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

Truth springeth out of the earth; and righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

Musical Response. — The latter portion of the chant, "For thine is the kingdom," p. 3, may be used as a musical response after each Responsive Reading.

Recitations.

I. — THOU MIGHTY WORD.

II. — NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

III. — SCATTER THE SEED.

II. THE SOWING.

Song. WHAT SEED?

1. Are we sow - ing seeds of good-ness? They shall blos-som bright ere long.
2 We can nev - er be too care - ful What the seed our hands shall sow;
Are we sow - ing seeds of dis - cord? They shall rip - en in - to wrong.
Love from love is sure to rip - en, Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or? They shall bring forth gold - en grain.
Seeds of good or ill we scat - ter Heed - less - ly a - long our way;
Are we sow - ing seeds of false-hood? We shall yet reap bit - ter pain.
But a glad or griev - ous fruit - age Waits us at the har - vest day.
What - so - e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing, we its fruit must see.
What - so - e'er our sow - ing be, Reap - ing, we its fruit must see.

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ANON.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — And when a great multitude came together, and they of every city resorted unto him, he spake by a parable: The sower went forth to sow his seed.

Cong. — **Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God. And as he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the birds came and devoured them.**

When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away that which hath been sown in his heart. This is he that was sown by the way side.

And others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth: and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was risen they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And he that was sown upon the rocky places, this is he that heareth the word, and straightway with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for a while; and when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway he stumbleth.

And others fell upon the thorns; and the thorns grew up, and choked them.

And he that was sown among the thorns, this is he that heareth the word; and the care of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

And others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

And he that was sown upon the good ground, this is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; who verily beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap according to mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed; he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

Recitations.

I. — THE WORLD-FIELD.

II. — HILL BY HILL.

III. — WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Song. SOW IN THE MORN THY SEED.

1. Sow in..... the morn thy seed,..... At
2. Thou know'st not which may thrive,..... The
3. And du - - ly shall ap - pear,..... In
4. Thou canst... not toil in vain;..... Cold,
5. Thence, when.. the glo - rious end,..... The
eve hold not thy hand;.... To doubt and fear give
late or ear - ly sown;.... Grace keeps the pre - cious
ver - dure, beau - ty, strength, The ten - der blade, the
heat, and moist and dry,..... Shall fos - ter and ma -
day of God is come,.... The an - gel - reap - ers
thou no heed; Broad - cast it o'er the land.....
germs a - live, When and wher - ev - er strown....
stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length....
ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.....
shall de - scend, And heaven cry, "Har - vest Home."..

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JAMES MONTGOMERY.

III. THE HARVEST.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — In days to come shall Jacob take root; Israel shall blossom and bud: and they shall fill the face of the world with fruit.

Cong. — **The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.**

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of our Lord, the excellency of our God.

There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

Song. HE THAT GOETH FORTH WITH WEEPING.

SOLO.
PARTS.
1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the
3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no
4. Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright - ening! See the
SOLO.
pre - cious seed in love; Nev - er tir - ing,
rays ce - les - tial shine; Pre - cious fruits will
fears thy soul an - noy; Be the pros - pect
ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look a - gain! the
PARTS.
nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a -
thus be giv - en Through an in - fluence all di -
ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of
fields are whit - ening, For the har - vest time is
bove. Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
vine Through an in - fluence all di - vine.
joy. Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
near. For the har - vest time is near.

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Responsive Reading (Continued).

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest.

For the Lord hath comforteth Zion: he hath comforted all her waste places, and hath made her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord.

Up, the ripening fields ye see;
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of the harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee;
Let the nations far and near
See thy light and learn thy fear.

— Bahnmaier, tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

2. NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

NOW the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest-home, and grateful song.

Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

— Frances J. Havergal.

3. SCATTER THE SEED.

ONWARD, ye men of prayer!
Scatter in rich exuberance the seed,
Whose fruit is living bread, and all your need
Will God supply; his harvest ye shall share.

To him, child of the bow,
The wanderer of his native Oregon,
Tell of that Jesus, who in dying won
The peace-branch of the skies, salvation, for his foe!

Seek ye the far-off isle,
The sullied jewel of the deep,
O'er whose remembered beauty angels weep;
Restore its luster, and to God give spoil.

Go, break the chain of caste;
Go quench the funeral pyre and bid no more
The Indian river roll its waves of gore;
Look up, thou East, thy night is overpast.

To heal the bruisèd, speed!
Oh, pour on Africa the balm
Of Gilead, and, her agony to calm,
Whisper of fetters broken and the spirit freed.

And thou, O Church, betake
Thyself to watching; labor, help these men.
God shall visit thee of a surety, when
Thou art faithful. Church that Jesus bought awake! awake!

— William Bingham Tappan.

Part II.

1. THE WORLD-FIELD.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale alike 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest-home!"

— James Montgomery.

2. HILL BY HILL.

IN His furrowed field around us,
God has work for those who will;
Those who may not scatter broadcast,
Yet may plant it hill by hill.

Yearning hearts are often near us,
Conscious of their Spirit-need:
These are "hills" prepared by heaven
To receive the precious seed.

Shall we find these hills and plant them?
Shall we scatter while we may,
Or with idle hands stand waiting
Till the seed-time pass away?

Soon life's springtime will be over,
And its autumn days will come:
Happy then will be those workmen
Who have sheaves to carry home.

— A. T. Allis.

3. WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

THEY are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair;
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,—
Of the gentle word and the kindly deed,
That hath blest the poor in their sorest need;
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of dire remorse and a saddened brain;
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;—
Sad will the harvest be.

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad world-field, or the shadowy path,—
Sure will the harvest be.

—*Anon.*

Part III.

1. MY SHEAVES.

THE time for toil has past, and night has come,—
The last, and saddest, of the harvest eves.
Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless! Yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late;
Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves:
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility;
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—"*Florence Percy.*"

2. THE ANCIENT WORD.

OH, still in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word:—
"More reapers for white harvest fields!
More laborers for the Lord!"

We hear the call. Dreaming no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath the sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.

Oh, thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come,
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

3. COME, LABOR ON.

COME, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day"?

Come, labor on!
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

Come, labor on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
And the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
While a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labor on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure.
Blessed are they who to the end endure;
How full their joy! how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!

—*Anon.*

Part IV.

1. THE NEED OF REAPERS.

THE Master hath need of reapers,
And, mourner, he calleth to thee:
Come out of the valley of sorrow,
Look up to the hilltops, and see
How the fields of the harvest are whitening,
How golden and full is the grain.
Oh, what are thy wants to the summons,
And what are thy griefs and thy pains?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, he calleth to thee;
Come out of the mansions of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may be.
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,
With the mists and the dews and the rain.
Oh, what are thy rests and thy follies
To the world and the rusts of the grain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, he calleth to thee;
Oh, what are the dreams of ambition
To the joys that hereafter shall be?
There are tokens of storms that are coming
And summer is fast on the wane;
Then, alas, for the hopes of the harvest!
Then, alas, for the beautiful grain!

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And he calleth to thee and to me;
Oh, haste while the winds of the morning
Are blowing so freshly and free!
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Reëcho o'er hilltop and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

— Mrs. Archbishop Thomson.

2. THE MASTER'S CALL.

LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving one reacheth,
Its cheerfullest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vine-dressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Seek those of evil behavior,
Bid them their lives quick amend;
Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Stilled be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by the pity of thine.
By waysides, where wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness while here;
That glory is ever the highest
Which counts not its own life as dear.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then lighten thy labor with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and weary no more.

— Wm. Morley Punshon.

3. BRAVE REAPERS.

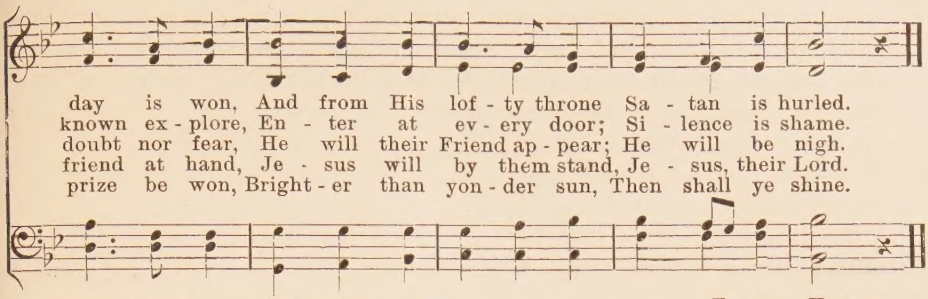
COME forth, come forth, brave reapers,
And bear your sheaves with you!
We come to thank our Master,
That Master good and true.
We toil, we plant, we water,
Our labors never cease,
But God alone is Master,
Who giveth the increase.

We sow in tears and labor,
We reap in joy and strength;
We tread our pathway weeping,
Good sheaves we bear at length.
Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The harvest is of heaven,
The labor was of earth.

The Lord of life saith to us,
"Come, gather in your wheat!
But when you keep your harvest,
One thing do not forget:
There comes another harvest
For which no mortal delves;
There I am the Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves."

O joy! O life forever!
O life of days to come!
O day which knows no ending!
O endless harvest-home!
A harvest-home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy!
A blest abode! A feast of God!
A paradise of joy!

— Gerard Moultrie.


day is won, And from His lof - ty throne Sa - tan is hurled.
known ex - plore, En - ter at ev - ery door; Si - lence is shame.
doubt nor fear, He will their Friend ap - pear; He will be nigh.
friend at hand, Je - sus will by them stand, Je - sus, their Lord.
prize be won, Bright - er than yon - der sun, Then shall ye shine.

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IV. THE REAPERS.

Responsive Reading.

Leader. — When He saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

Cong. — **Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth labourers into his harvest.**

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

And I will send . . . them unto the nations, to Tarshish, Pul and Lud, that draw the bow, to Tubal and Javan, to the isles afar off, that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory; and they shall declare my glory among the nations.

God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, . . . and having committed unto us the word of reconciliation.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take of the water of life freely.

For, Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? . . . and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent? even as it is written,

How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things.

He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

For herein is the saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: but each shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are God's fellow-workers.

My brethren, if any among you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.

All. — And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

Recitations.

I. — THE NEED OF REAPERS.

II. — THE MASTER'S CALL.

III. — BRAVE REAPERS.

Song. FAIR WAVED THE GOLDEN CORN.

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In
2. To God, so good and great, Their
3. Like them, O Lord, we give Our
4. Thine is our youth - ful prime, Our
5. In wis - dom let us grow, As
Ca - naan's pleas - ant land,
cheer - ful thanks they pour;
ear - liest fruits to Thee,
life and all its powers;
years and strength are given,
When, full of
Then car - ry
And pray, that
Be with us
That we may

joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the reap - er -
to His tem - ple gate The choic - est of their
long as we shall live, We may Thy chil - dren
in our morn - ing time, And bless our eve - ning
serve Thy church be - low, And join Thy saints in
band..... Went forth the reap - er - band.
store..... The choic - est of their store.
be..... We may Thy chil - dren be.
hours..... And bless our eve - ning hours.
heaven..... And join Thy saints in heaven.

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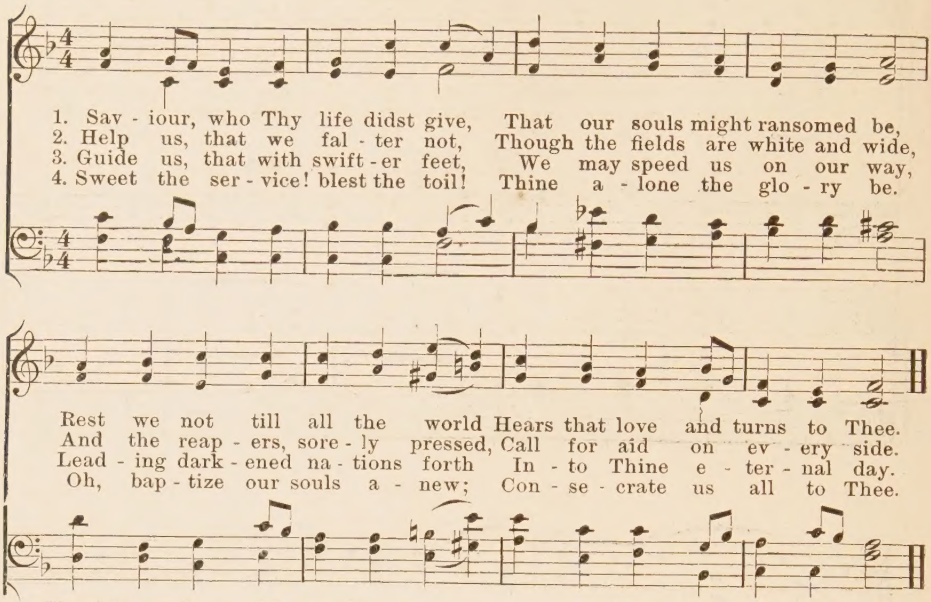
J. H. GURNEY.

Missionary Address, or other Missionary Exercise.

Musical Response.—Repeat the Musical Response from the chant, "For thine is the kingdom," on p. 3, as before directed.

Song. NEEDED SERVICE.


1. Sav - iour, who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ransomed be,
2. Help us, that we fal - ter not, Though the fields are white and wide,
3. Guide us, that with swift - er feet, We may speed us on our way,
4. Sweet the ser - vice! blest the toil! Thine a - lone the glo - ry be.
Rest we not till all the world Hears that love and turns to Thee.
And the reap - ers, sore - ly pressed, Call for aid on ev - ery side.
Lead - ing dark - ened na - tions forth In - to Thine e - ter - nal day.
Oh, bap - tize our souls a - new; Con - se - crate us all to Thee.

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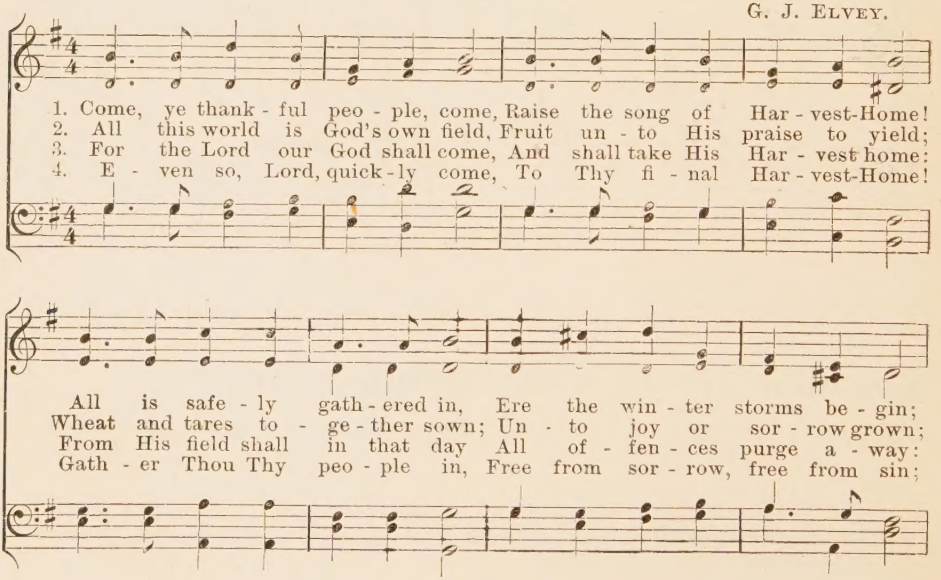
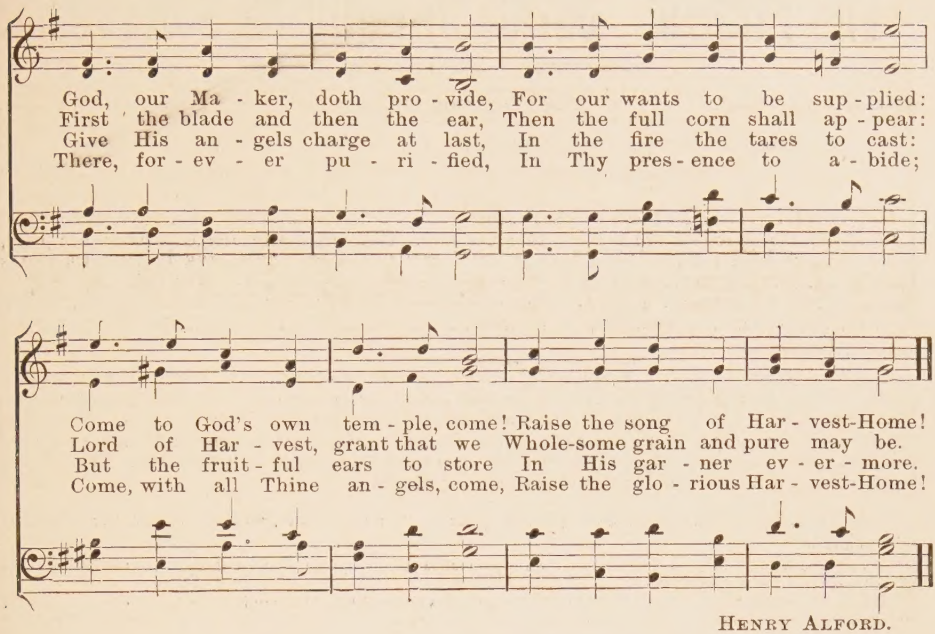
Missionary Offering.

Song. COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

G. J. ELVEY.


1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-Home!
2. All this world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His Har - vest home:
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, To Thy fi - nal Har - vest-Home!
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - ge - ther sown; Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way:
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;


God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide, For our wants to be sup - plied:
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Give His an - gels charge at last, In the fire the tares to cast:
There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide;
Come to God's own tem - ple, come! Raise the song of Har - vest-Home!
Lord of Har - vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious Har - vest-Home!

HENRY ALFORD.

Benediction.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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